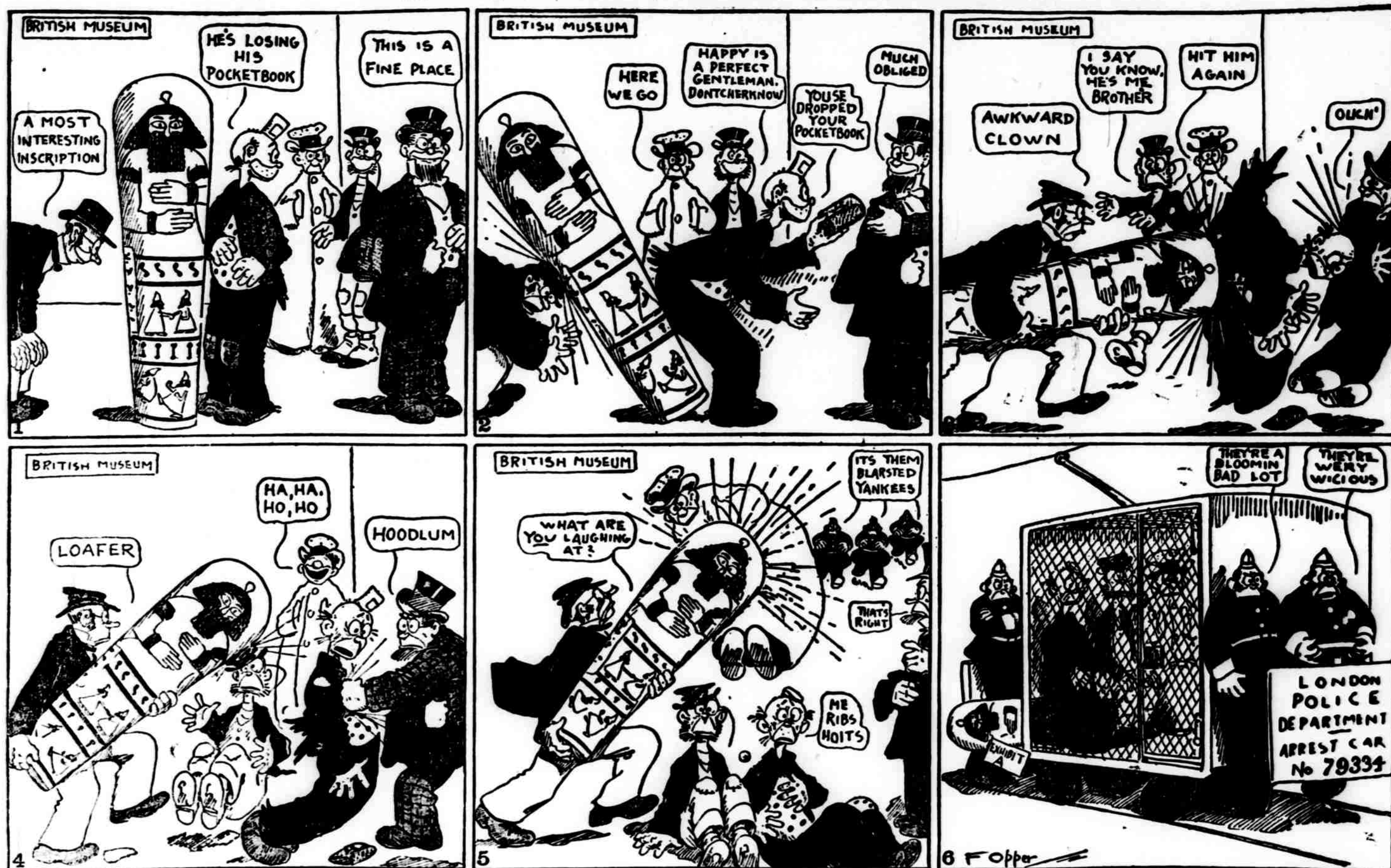
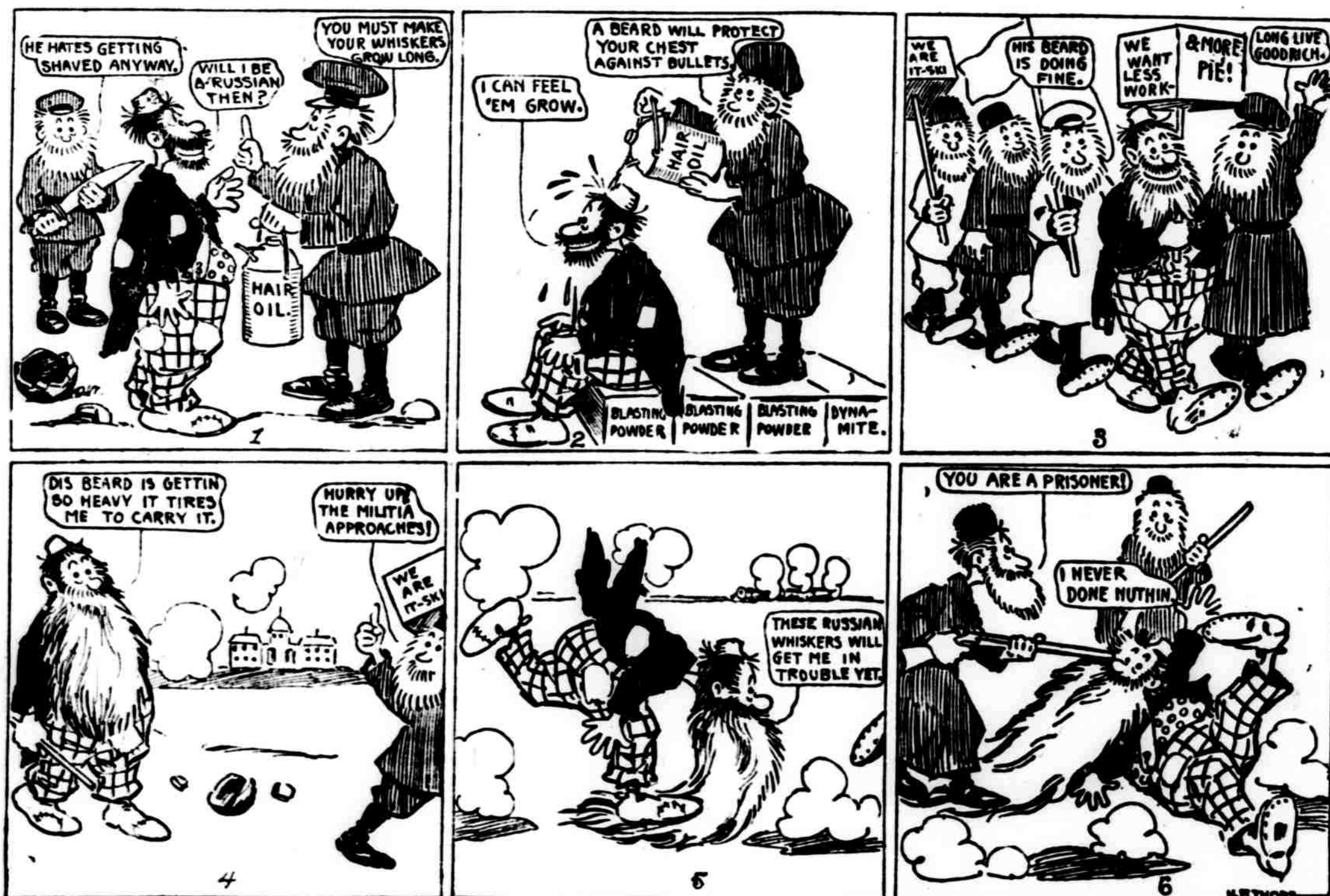


## YES, IT OCCURRED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, BY JOVE!

Happy Hooligan, Montmorency and Gloomy Gus Happened to Be There.



## GOODRICH MUDD IN RUSSIA.



HOW ARE YOUR IDEALS? AS YOU THINK, SO YOU MAY BECOME.



## WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Mrs. Forthright: "What was that awful yelping in the nursery just now?"  
 Maid: "The nurse just slapped one of your children."  
 Mrs. Forthright: "Oh! I was afraid somebody had kicked Fido."—Baltimore American.

The absent are like children—helpless to defend themselves.—Charles Reade.

Martha: "I bet you were mad when Tom tried to kiss you."  
 Mary: "I was that! He said he thought it was somebody else!"—Boston Transcript.

All may do what by man has been done.—Young.

Hiram: "Mandy, I swapped my watch for a violin."  
 "Mandy, I might have known that you'd saddle away your time!"—Connecticut Courant.

Agreeable advice is seldom useful advice.—Macmillan.

Mrs. Smart: "Miss De Miller has a

wretched display of hair this morn'g."  
 Mrs. Dwyer: "You didn't buy there then?"  
 Mrs. Smart: "But? Why, actually, there were several hats in her shop that I didn't try on even once!"—Baltimore Sun.

The funny man was seated at a restaurant table waiting to be served. "This," said he, "is where all things come to him who waits." And a moment later the waiter brought him a plate of hash.—Chicago News.

An Actor's Embarrassment.  
 "Why won't you consent to make a speech before the curtain?"  
 "Where the use?" responded Mr. Stormington Barnes. "If it is a good speech people will say the author of the play wrote it, and if it is bad they will say I wrote it!"—Washington Star.

In Terms of Time.  
 Often a second trial is necessary to a minute examination.  
 The lady man wants a job in which "his time is his own." But if we are the right kind of employee all hours are ours.—Baltimore American.

Miles and the Bear.  
 It is told that when the principal guest of the Gridiron, a famous dinner club in Washington, was a President of the United States, who but a few days before had occasion to speak with spirit and point to the commanding General of the Army, two bears entered the banquet chamber. One of them was a real bear, the other was an imitation bear with a man inside of it. The pair rolled into the middle of the hall and stood up and faced the toastmaster.  
 "Where did you come from?" he asked them.  
 "We've been over to the White House to see the President," said the smaller bear solemnly. "It was then observed that his fur was much disarranged, one of his ears was nearly covered from his head, and that he was in an apparently much unsettled condition."  
 "You do not look very well," observed the chairman.  
 "Don't!" answered the small bear. "Don't!" Gosh, you ought to have seen Miles!—Everybody's Magazine for March.

ACROSS THE BACK-YARD FENCE.  
 Mrs. Newcome: "I never got milk in bottles till I came here, Mrs. Oldsett. How do you skim off the cream?"  
 Mrs. Oldsett: "The way we generally do at our house is for the girl to forget it and leave it on the back porch till it freezes. Then the cream sticks out about two inches above the top, and she skims it off with a hatchet."—Chicago Tribune.

NOT FOR SALE.  
 The blossom generously bestows its sweetness on each breeze that blows. Had you the wealth of every mine, Though men might cringe beneath your power, It would not buy for use of mine The perfume of a single flower.  
 The sunshine as it greets the eye Expands o'er all a kindly sky. Had you the treasure to exceed The splendors of a Sultan's dream, You might not claim in sordid greed To own a single glittering beam.  
 And child love, too, when it is sought, Is easy earned, but never bought. Though gold its mighty sway expands To spur ambition and beguile The best in life it never commands. Flowers, sunshine, nor a baby's smile.

## HARDLY TASTED (77).



Mrs. Croc (accusingly): "You've been drinking again!"  
 Mr. Croc: "Well, m' dear, I've only had a mouthful!"